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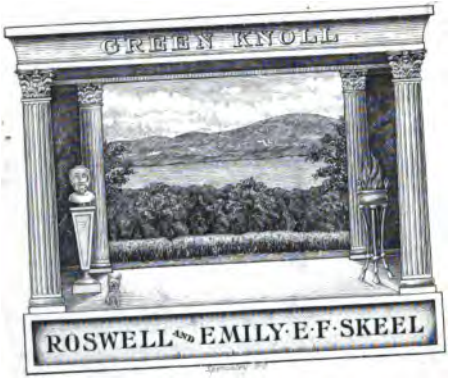
THE GORDON LESTER FORD
COLLECTION
FROM EMILY E. F. SKEEL
IN MEMORY OF
ROSWELL SKEEL, JR.
AND THEIR FOUR PARENTS



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Saint Christopher

That sign, the warrior said, what may it be?
For me, I never saw its like before.
The old spirit raised his eyes to see.
Then turned his back toward it, trembling sore.
From out his wicked mouth the flames did fly.
And thy he spoke, when he could speak our mon
Alas, alas that I have lost thy soul!
His force is on me. I must tell the whole.

Behold the sign of **Jesus** my great foe.
Who doth constrain me ever night and day.
To waven that cross to give me shame and woe.
He died and dying took my strength away!
Then then, said Christopher, art far below
Thy **Jesus**, if his sign can thee dismay:
Thou hast deceived me Satan, we must part.
To him I give my service and my heart.

Disse allora il guerrier. Che segno è quello
Che mai tale non vidi in vita mia.
Alzando gli occhi lo spirto a Dio rubello.
Le spalle ad un tratto alla croce volgia,
Vomitò dalla bocca il Nongabello
Di fiamme ed a Cristoforo rispondia:
Ahimè che persi la fatica e il frutto!
Forza mi è che ti dichiari il tutto.

Di Cristo mio nemico ecco il gran segno
Che mi sferza e flagella a tutte l'ore!
Volle morir sopra quel duro legno.
Per accrescere a me pena e dolore.
Dunque **Cristo** è uom di te più degno.
Mentre l'insegna sua ti da timore!
Gli disse il Cavalier: te ne puoi gire:
Io ti lascio, e **Gesù** voglio seguire.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

at the Cross.

[illegible]side Songs [illegible]

TRANSLATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

FRANCESCA ALEXANDER.

AND EDITED BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

[illegible]

PART IX.

[illegible]

[illegible]

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SAINT CHRISTOPHER
at the Cross.

Roadside Songs of Tuscany.

TRANSLATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

FRANCESCA ALEXANDER,

AND EDITED BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

HONORARY MEMBER OF CHRIST CHURCH, HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, OXFORD.

PART IX.

**THE PALACE ON HIGH. WHEN THE STAR. THE STORY OF BEATRICE AND HER SONS.
SONGS OF COUNTRY LOVES. HEAR ME, SWALLOW DEAR.
THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER, BY THE TRANSLATOR.**

WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.

(SAINT CHRISTOPHER AT THE CROSS.
SAINT CHRISTOPHER AND THE HERMIT).

NEW YORK:
JOHN WILEY & SONS.
1885.

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THE PALACE ON HIGH.

WHEN THE STAR.

SULLA BELL' ALTURA.

In alto, in alto, vo' farmi un palazzo,
In alto, in alto, sulla bell' altura!
Intorno, intorno, vo' stendere un laccio
A tradimento, per tradir la luna.
A tradimento per tradir le stelle,
Perchè restai tradito dalle belle.
A tradimento, per tradir il sole,
Perchè restai tradito nell' amore.

QUANDO LA STELLA.

E quando partirò da questa terra,
Saran contenti i nemici mia.
O ch'io vada per mar, o sia per terra,
Per avvisarti manderò una stella.
Quando la stella sarà giunt' al prato,
Prega per me, che sono ammalato.
Quando la stella sarà giunt' in via,
Prega per me, che son in agonia.
Quando la stella sarà fatta chiara,
Prega per me, che sono nella bara.

THE PALACE ON HIGH.

On high, on high, my palace I will rear,
On the high mountain let me build it soon!
With snares about it, stretching far and near,
With cords of treachery, to entice the moon.
With cords to catch the stars, and make them fall,
Since fairest things to me were traitors all.
With cords deceitful, to entrap the sun,
Since love with treachery has my life undone.

WHEN THE STAR.

When I shall die, and dwell on earth no more,
At which my enemies content will be;
Where'er death find me, if on sea or shore,
I'll send a star to tell the news to thee.
When first by yonder field the star you see,
Then know that I am sick, and pray for me.
And when the star has reached the road near by,
Then pray for me, I am about to die.
And when the star grows large, and bright as day,
Then pray for me, for I have passed away.

THE STORY OF BEATRICE AND HER SONS.

(Part of this story has already been quoted in the sixth lecture of the 'Art of England,' but it is right that in this book it should be read unbroken.)

Of Beatrice of Pian degli Ontani, whose portrait stands at the beginning of the book, I have written a little account in the preface, but there are many more things which I should like to tell about her. Of her eight children (of whom five are now living) two were poets. Of the youngest of these, Angelo, I shall have something to tell farther on.

Poor Beppe, the eldest, whom I never knew, inherited his mother's peculiar gift, and was an improvisatore; and when he and his mother sang together, (that is, alternately, keeping up a conversation in verse, she singing one ottava and he answering it with another, after the fashion of mountain poets,) it is said by those who had the good fortune to hear them, to have been a thing never to be forgotten.

Beppe was more like twin brother than son to Beatrice; they were so much alike, in their difference from the rest of the world, that they could understand each other as no one else could understand them. He had, besides the poetical gift, extraordinary beauty, strength, and courage; and *he*

*never, in anything, gave a sorrow to his parents until he left them.** But when the sorrow did come, it was such as few, I hope, have to bear in this world.

He had been employed, with some other young men of the place, in charcoal burning; and his companions amused themselves by seeing how heavy burdens he could carry, as he was stronger than any of the others. At last they made a bet that he would not be able to carry three bags of charcoal, weighing two hundred Italian pounds each, up a steep ascent where (as Beatrice said when she told me the story) 'a mule could not have gone.' He won the bet, but it cost him his life.

He broke a blood-vessel, and was only just able to reach his home, where he took to his bed, and died in a few days. If I remember rightly, he was only twenty-two years old. With Beppe's loss the light seemed to go out of Beatrice's life, and she never, she told me, could sing so well again.

Still she bore her loss with wonderful courage. It is her habit, when telling of anything that has happened to her, to end her story always with the words "Grazie a Dio!" And as I noticed that she said those words just the same when she told of a trouble as when she spoke of a good fortune, (while yet, from the tone of her voice, I knew it was not an empty form of words with her,) I asked her the reason, and

* This form of virtue, observe, is wholly inbred, not taught; it is pure "human nature" in its noblest races, and the most intellectual and refined examples of them.—J. R.

she said, "We must thank the Lord most when He sends us trouble, because that is when He loves us best."

Beatrice was sometimes treated with great honour. I remember one day when she came over to l'Abetone to see the giostra of S. Pellegrino,—— But before I tell of her visit, I ought to tell what the giostra is. It is a sort of theatrical performance, carried on in the open air, and usually representing the life of some saint, or other religious subject. Some beautiful place is always chosen for the giostra, where the ground has a little the form of an amphitheatre, and the spectators sit or stand on the grass, while the performers *sing* the words to a peculiar, and, it is said, very ancient chant, with an accompaniment of violin and violoncello. With those strong mountain voices, every word can be distinguished at a great distance.

Now, as I was saying, Beatrice had come to see the giostra, and had been listening to it with great interest from our window. It was over, and the great crowd of excited people flowed back from the field into the road, the singers among them in odd costumes of their own invention. When they caught sight of Beatrice, they all gathered under the window, and called earnestly for an ottava. She extended her hand, and instantly every sound was hushed, the crowded road was as still as any solitude, while she sang, in her clear beautiful voice, two or three ottave, in which she expressed her admiration of the giostra and the singers. All I can remember now is that she said the Pope himself might have learnt

something more of Christian doctrine if he had seen that giostra.

A few minutes later, as she passed through the crowd on her way home, a man met her with a glass of wine, and, bowing respectfully, said, "I want the greatest poet of our mountain to drink from my hand." Without speaking, she stooped and drank from the glass which he held, touching it only with her lips. The grace with which they both went through this ceremony has remained always in my mind.

At this time Beatrice used generally to wear the old-fashioned contadina dress in which I took her likeness: a scarlet bodice, blue handkerchief, garnet necklace, and gold ear-rings; her long linen sleeves were ruffled at the wrist; when about her work she used to push them above her elbows, as I drew them. On grand occasions she would wear a white embroidered veil, handkerchief, and apron, all of which she had when she was married. No picture can give an idea of her beauty, because it is impossible to represent the light in her eyes, which seemed always to come from within, and not from without. Whenever I see the sun shining into deep water, it always makes me think of Beatrice's eyes; they were more like that than anything else.

Though they call her Beatrice of Pian degli Ontani, she really lives at Pian di Novello, a mile or two away from the little village that gives her its name. But I ought to say that a *plain*, in that part of the country, means only a piece of ground where any one can walk without extreme danger of

slipping off. Her house is in the valley of the Sestaione, and if there is any place in the world more beautiful than that valley, I never saw it. It is all shut in by high steep mountains, partly wooded, partly rising in great walls of rock, with beeches and alders clinging wherever they can find anything to cling to, and, where there is not enough earth for these, wild roses, blackberry vines, and all sorts of mountain flowers, growing in the very cracks of the stones. The bottom of the valley is full of broken rocks, which have fallen or been washed down from the mountains in spring; and over and among these the little river Sestaione goes down to join the Lima, in a succession of green pools and white cascades. The sun shines very warm in that narrow valley, for all it is so high; and strawberries grow everywhere, even between the stones in the middle of the stream; and in the summer days, when I went there, the air was all scented with the "Life-everlasting" * (as we call it in America), and there was no sound but the sound of the water, and the occasional humming of a bee; and there were so many butterflies and other little bright-coloured noiseless creatures, busy among the flowers! On one side of the valley is Beatrice's farm, in a place where the hill is not so steep; and her stone house, standing among a few cherry trees. Opposite to the house, just across the Sestaione, is a large and very singular rock, detached from the precipice behind it, and appearing like a tall square tower of regular shape. About this rock, Beatrice,

* A little wild yellow amaranth, with a spicy perfume.

who knows every story and legend in the country, tells a very strange story indeed, and I will tell it, as nearly as possible, in her words.

"That tower is the tower of the Fattucchio. I do not know who the Fattucchio was, but they say he built it very long ago; and there is hidden treasure there, which no one can ever find. For you know that after any treasure has been buried for a hundred years, the Evil One takes possession of it, and will not let any one have it. But there was a woman once who saw the treasure in that tower. She had gone close to the tower on the side toward the mountain, where it is not easy to go, and she saw an open window, and she went and looked in, and saw a chamber in the tower; and in the chamber she saw the figure of a woman dressed as a nun, all of gold, laid in a golden coffin, and by her side a golden axe. When she saw all this she was frightened, and ran away and told her neighbours, and they all came to look, but when they arrived the window was shut, and no one was ever able to find even where it had been. If the woman had not so lost her head when she looked into the tower, she might have left her rosary on the window-sill, and then the evil spirits could not have shut the window. At another time, a little girl, who used to follow the sheep, found half a paul every day, for some time, in the same place, close under the tower; but after she began to talk about it, she never found any more.

"But they say that in Rome they have certain books, with everything written in them that has ever happened in the world; and on Christmas eve, every year, they take out those books and read them all night long until the morning. And in one of those books it is written that there is buried treasure at the distance of a hundred steps from Riofredi; and Riofredi is the ancient name of the Sestaione."

On that year when we heard the giostra of St. Pellegrino, she used to be much with us, generally coming over to pass Sunday with us at l'Abetone. On the last Sunday of our stay there, knowing that we must part for a long time, we walked part of the way home with her, up the side of the mountain which divides l'Abetone from the valley of the Sestaione. When the sun had set we took leave of her; she said a few parting words to each of us, but when she came to my mother (who was her favourite) she laid both her hands on her shoulders, and stood looking straight into her eyes for a minute, while a new and strange light came into her face, making her appear quite different from her usual self. Then she sang, with more sadness in her voice than I had ever heard in it before, an ottava of farewell; and having done that, she turned without another word, and walked away quickly up the steep path. I can see her now, as she looked in the clear summer twilight, walking between the low firs and beeches with her firm light step, never looking back, but just raising her hand once to wipe the tears from her eyes, before she quite passed from our sight.

I have spoken, in the preface, of Beatrice's troubles with her sister-in-law, Barbara. It seemed a strange ordering of Providence, that Barbara, in her extreme old age, after the death of her brother, should be left as helpless as an infant in the hands of the woman whom she had so persecuted: during her last illness, which lasted many months, Beatrice was her devoted nurse and companion. I asked Beatrice once if Barbara, before she died, ever expressed any regret for her treatment of her. "When she was dying," said Beatrice, "she took my hand, and said, 'Addio Beatrice.' That was enough, was it not?" And if the words were spoken in the voice in which Beatrice repeated them to me, I think they *were* enough. The family, as I have said, owned a fine farm; but one year the harvest failed, and they were, for the time, very poor. Beatrice thought, if she could see us, we should help her; and so, with her usual energy, she packed a ball of butter and some chestnut cakes in a little basket, that she might bring us a present, and set off from Pian di Novello for Florence, quite alone. She did not know our name, nor where we lived, but she knew that we came from America, and that we were called Lucia and Francesca; and as every one at l'Abetone knew us, she supposed that every one in Florence would do the same.

Much of the way she walked; a strange man carried her for some miles in his baroccio, for charity; the last part of her journey she came by the railroad. Our house is pretty near the station, and Beatrice, as if guided by Providence,

stopped to ask for us at the shop of a wood and charcoal seller, who knew us, and recognised us from her description. He showed her the way, and, a few minutes later, Beatrice made her appearance at the door, and dropped into my arms, cold and tired and hungry, but laughing triumphantly to think that she had accomplished her journey. But I have told enough about my dear old friend, whom I cannot expect others to care for as I do.

So now we come to St. Christopher, of whom the original is Beatrice's second poet son. He has not the peculiar talent of an improvisatore, but he can write verses which seem to me quite beautiful. The letter from Angelo to Rosina, on the ninety-third * page, is by him; and I should have more of his poetry in the book if it were not for one great misfortune. He was never taught to write; and though, after he was grown up, and his hands had become stiff with hard work, he managed to teach himself, his writing has always been —— what might be expected. When I told him that I should like to copy any verses that he might have written down, he brought me quite a pile of papers, so written that I could really hardly make anything out of them. I would not have minded the spelling—I can understand almost anything in the way of spelling; but sometimes half a word was left out, sometimes a whole word, sometimes a whole line; and Angelo could not remember his own poetry well enough to fill up the gaps, as most of it had been composed and written down long before.

* See page 143.

There were *three* letters to Rosina, and I could not read the whole of any one; if I must tell the truth, the letter which I give is made up by putting together the intelligible verses of *two* letters; that was the best I could do, and I believe it is all right as far as it goes. Angelo never married Rosina: I asked him, when he gave me the letters, what had become of her, and his only reply was: "After I came back that year from the Maremma, I never looked at her again." And it seemed to me, though perhaps I was mistaken, that there was a slight tone of contempt in his usually kind voice. "And then," he went on to say, looking away from my face, and speaking as it were rather to himself than to me, "I came to live in these parts, and then I met this one, and then——." He did not finish the sentence, but I knew too well the life of hardship and misfortune which that last "and then" stood for. "This one," was his wife Serafina, who is a very good, patient, hard-working woman, and much attached to him. As for Rosina, I saw that it would be an impertinence in me to say any more about her; so all that I know is, that in one of Angelo's letters he appeared to be extremely jealous of some new admirer who was coming after her. And also I know this, that his first child was named Rosina.

Angelo is a stone-mason, a very honest, capable, conscientious workman; and he lives in a neat, pretty little stone house, which he built with his own hands, every stone of it, from the foundation to the slated roof, and little niche for

the Madonna over the door. (I saw him building it.) And beside it he planted some cherry trees, such as grew about his mother's old house at Pian degli Ontani; and he planted a little bit of a garden, and made a brush fence about it. That branch of wild cherries which I have drawn on the eighty-second * page came from one of Angelo's cherry trees; I remember when Serafina brought it to me, and she asked to see her husband's picture, and when I showed it to her (as St. Christopher) she burst into tears, and said, "If Angelo should die, I could never bear to look at that picture, it is so much like him!" He was out of health at the time, and I suppose that was why she felt so: poor man! I am afraid he is out of health now. A few years ago the diphtheria visited l'Abetone and the neighbouring country, and three of poor Angelo's five children were taken—his only son, and his two eldest daughters. They all died in the course of a month. Neither the father nor the mother were ever the same people again, and Angelo's great distress of mind brought on a complaint of the heart, from which he has suffered ever since.

Besides being a poet, Angelo is a beautiful singer, and a great teller of stories. I remember that one of his stories was a *very* free version of Orpheus and Eurydice. I asked him once, when he began to tell the story, who Orpheus was, just to see what he would say; and he replied, without hesitation: "He was a man who used to play on the violin, and when Eurydice used to go to cut grass for the cattle,

* See page 135.

he used to sit behind some bushes, just at the edge of the woods, and play on his violin, and sometimes sing to her, so as to amuse her while she worked; but he himself used to keep away out of sight; she could hear him, but not see him. But poor Eurydice, one hot day—you see she used to go barefoot when she went to cut the grass—she trod on a snake, and he bit her, and he was one of the poisonous kind. So she died. Orpheus took it very much to heart; he made a little song about her afterwards—perhaps I can remember it." All this told in a tone of deep sympathy, and as if he were talking about one of his neighbours. But this will be enough about Angelo.

RISPETTI D'AMORI CONTADINESCHI.

Ho seminato una proda d'amore;
Non me n'è nato un maledetto filo!
Non so, se ne divien dall' aridore,
O veramente il seme era cattivo.
Ho seminato laggiù in quel piano,
Credeva fusse amore, ed era grano.
Ho seminato lassù in quel poggio,
Credeva fusse amore, ed era orzo.

E s'è rannuvolato e par che piove,
E s'è turbato le chiare fontane,
E s'è turbato quella dell' amore;
E par che piova e s'è fatto un bel sole!
E s'è turbato quella del' amante,
E par che piova, e il sol da sulle piante.

Piacesse al Cielo che potessi fare,
La vostra casa vicina alla mia;
L'amor dalla finestra vorrei fare,
Saren du' cuor contenti, anima mia!
Saren due cuor contenti e sinceri,
Saren due cuori innamorati veri.

SONGS OF COUNTRY LOVES.

I SOWED a bank with love, but all in vain,
For never one unlucky blade would grow!
It may be that it failed for want of rain,
Perhaps the seed was bad, I do not know.
But all the seed I sowed on yonder plain,
I thought was love, 'twas only common grain.
And on that hill the seed that I let fall
Was only common barley after all!

The clouds have gathered, and I hear the rain,
The storm has troubled every fountain clear.
Love's fountain ne'er shall flow so bright again!
But stay! The sun's beginning to appear!
Love's fountain trembles when the storm it sees:
But while it rains, the sun shines on the trees.

If Heaven would grant the only joy I seek,
To move thy house and set it close to mine,
From window then to window we could speak,
And in two hearts would full contentment shine.
And in two hearts, with joy too great to tell,
Would love sincere and full contentment dwell.

These rispetti were taught me by Edwige Gualtieri, who learned them when a child at Pian de' Giullari. She apologized for their homeliness, saying that they were only "songs of country loves," but they seem to me pretty: they were the only ones, among many which she knew, that I had never heard before.

I notice that you seem to like some of the more fanciful rispetti, which I was afraid nobody would ever like, excepting the Contadini and me: and so I put but few of that sort in the book. But here is one of Edwige's that she learned from good Signora Margherita; and I think it is pretty, though not much more than a nursery rhyme.

It was in Venice, a fine evening towards sunset, and Edwige and I were leaning out of a window over the Grand Canal, and watching the sunset lights on the old palaces, when all at once a swallow shot by over the water below us, bringing a sudden light that was not like sunset at all into the worn, patient face beside me. Suddenly she seemed to recognize something of her childhood among the decaying magnificences about us, and she repeated the old words, keeping her eyes on the bird till it was out of sight.

ASCOLTA, RONDININA.

Oh Rondinina, che voli per mare
Voltati addietro, e ascolta due parole.
Dammi una penna delle tue bell' ale;
Vo' scriver una lettera al mio amore:
E quando l'avrò scritta e fatta bella,
Ti renderò la penna, Rondinella.
E quando l'avrò scritta e sigillata,
Oh, Rondinina, ne resto obligata.
E quando l'avrò scritta e fatta d'oro.
Ti renderò la penna, e il tuo bel volo.

HEAR ME, SWALLOW DEAR.

Oh Swallow, flying close along the sea,
Turn back, turn back, and to my words attend.
From thy bright wing one feather give to me,
For I would write a letter to my friend.
And when I've written all, and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, swallow dear.
And when 'tis written, and the seal is set,
I never more thy kindness will forget;
And when 'tis written all in gold, then I
Will give thy feather back, and see thee fly.

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THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

St. Christopher was the largest and strongest of all men in the world, a terrible man in war; and he served a great pagan king, who showed him much honour because no one could stand against him. And Christopher, seeing that every one feared him, and that there was no other like him, became proud of his strength, for he had not the light of faith, and did not know who gave it to him; and he said that he would serve no unworthy master, but only the most powerful king who lived: and having heard that in a distant country there lived a greater king than his own, he went and offered himself to his service. The new king, who was a Christian, received him very kindly, and held him in much esteem, for his strength, his beauty, and his perfect fidelity, and he made him captain over all his army.

For a long time Christopher was contented in this service, and the country was in great peace and safety, for his very appearance was enough to terrify all his enemies. Though they say that with all his terrible power, his looks were not ferocious, but very noble and beautiful, and he was of a kind

heart, and liked to help those who were in trouble; but he was proud, and it never went well with those who opposed him. And he wore armour inlaid with gold, and when he walked in the sun, he used to dazzle the eyes of all who saw him.

Now one day the king gave a great entertainment to all the principal people in his kingdom; and Christopher, who was his favourite, stood by his side. And there were many musicians and singers present, and Christopher was very happy listening to the music. But after a while he noticed that now and then, in the songs, a name entered that he had never heard before, which was the name of Satan; and every time that he heard it, the king made the sign of the cross and appeared troubled. Pretty soon Christopher came up to his side, and asked him, in a low voice, why he made that sign when he heard the name of Satan: and the king answered, because I am so afraid of him,—he is always trying to ruin me! "What," said Christopher, "are you afraid of Satan? Then he must be greater than you are, and I am going to serve him!" So he left the good king, and walked away out of the city in great haste, not exactly knowing where he was going, but feeling angry to think that he had been serving an unworthy master, whom even a name could frighten.

After a while he found that he was entering a wood, and as he walked along where the trees were thick he saw suddenly standing before him a very handsome and stately

man, magnificently dressed, who saluted him with much grace, and extended his hand to him, saying, "Welcome, my Christopher! I was expecting you." "Who are you?" said Christopher. "How do you know me? I can't remember that I ever saw you before!" "No!" said the other, smiling graciously, "you never saw me, but I know you. I am Satan, whom your king and all the other kings are afraid of; and I heard that you were thinking of entering my service, and so I came down into this wood to wait for you; for I knew that you would come this way. You have done well to choose me for a master, for I will give you whatever you ask,—all the pleasures of the world to enjoy; and more wealth than you can spend, and to be honoured and praised by all." "I thank you, Satan," said Christopher; "you speak very kindly, but I do not care so much about any of these things as I do about serving a worthy master, one whom I can really honour. I left the king's service because he was afraid of you: now tell me the truth—is there no one greater than you? No one whom you are afraid of?" "No," said Satan proudly, and stretching himself up very tall; "I never met any one yet who was not afraid of me!" "Then we are agreed," said Christopher, taking his hand: "I will serve you faithfully as long as I live; that is, if I never find any one stronger than you." So they walked along together, Satan talking about all the grand things that he was going to do for Christopher, until, after they had left the wood for some

Full [illegible] then the aged saint replied.
And if [illegible] peace and glory fin.
O [illegible] path [illegible] ry path beside.
O [illegible] heart and mind.
The [illegible] here the thorns abide.
And the [illegible] shalt leave a holy name behind.
Bend [illegible] that mighty [illegible] free.
[illegible] the sea

Il santo vecchio subito rispose:
Se [illegible] l'eterna gloria.
Da [illegible] ch'io t'impose.
O [illegible] insegnar più meritoria
Sovra a te sembraran ma poi son rose.
E [illegible] santa memoria.
Mira il gran fiume Nilo che qui appare.
Come orgoglioso da tributo al mare.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER
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SAINT CHRISTOPHER
and the Hermit.

time, they saw by the roadside a wooden cross, such as one often sees in country places. And Christopher, looking up, said thoughtfully, "What is that, Satan? I never saw anything like that before." Satan raised his eyes, and, as they fell upon the cross, he began to tremble and his face grew deadly pale. "Satan," said Christopher, "you are afraid!" and Satan answered, "I fear Christ, my great enemy, who died upon a cross like that!" "Then," said Christopher, "Christ is greater than you, and I go to serve Him." At this Satan gave a great cry, and his face changed and became very horrible; and fire came out of his mouth, and he disappeared, leaving a great smoke behind him.

After this we are told that Christopher wandered about the country for a great while asking every one whom he met "where Christ lived; and some laughed at him, and some thought he was mad, and others were afraid of his great size and warlike appearance, and ran away, and so he found no help. At last, one day, as he was walking over the side of a mountain, he came to a poor little cabin, where an old hermit lived quite alone. The old man was sitting by the door, and when he saw Christopher approaching, in his shining armour, he was much frightened at first, and made the sign of the cross. But Christopher spoke to him very gently: "Father, do not be afraid of me, but help me. I have been so long looking for Christ. Can you tell me where He lives?" And when the hermit heard that name, his fear all passed away, and he said, "Sit down here by me, my son, and I will tell you

all about Christ." So Christopher sat down on a stone by the hermit's side, and the old man told him all the story of the Lord's life,—how He came down from Heaven to save us, and was born in a stable in the winter; and how poor He was, and about His mother; and how the shepherds and the kings of the East came to worship Him. And by the time he had gone as far as that, the tears were running down Christopher's face.

And as the old man went on and told all the rest of the story, Christopher's heart so warmed up with love to this new master, that he felt as if he had never loved any one before: and he said, "Oh, Father, do you think He would take *me* into His service?" And the hermit said, "I know He will, my son, for He never refuses any one; if you want really to serve Him, you must give up all the world and come and lead a penitent life such as I do, in continued fasting and prayer." At that, Christopher looked rather sober, and he said, "But, Father, I am not fit for such a life as that: I think I should die, and what use would there be in it? I have nothing to bring to my Master's service excepting my great strength: can I not use that in some way that will please Him?" The hermit considered for a while, and then he said, pointing to a white river which lay shining in the distance far below them, "My son, do you see that river? They have never been able to build a bridge over it that the spring floods would not carry away. A great many people want to cross the river, and cannot

unless they have a boat, or unless the water is very low. Now, if you, who are so strong, will go and live by the side of that river, and carry over on your shoulders all who want to pass the waters, that will be a service that the Lord will accept." At this Christopher was very happy; and having taken leave of the hermit, and recommended himself to his prayers, he set off on his journey to the river, which he reached the next day.

And having laid aside his armour, and dressed himself in poor clothes befitting his new occupation, he built himself a little cottage of rough stones and branches of trees, close to the water's edge, and there lived quite alone. And whenever any travellers came that way and wanted to cross to the other shore, he took them upon his shoulders, one at a time, and carried them over. And he never minded how late it was, or how cold, and he was always more pleased when the most work came to his hand. He would now have been quite happy had it not been that, as time went on, the longing to see his Master grew so strong in his heart that he could hardly bear it. Always when he was alone, this was his prayer—that he might see only once the face of Him whom he loved; that was the only reward that he desired for his long service.

One night he was very tired, having passed many people over the river that day; and there was such a storm that he felt pretty sure no one else would come; so he lay down on his bed of dry leaves to rest. And he was

just dropping off to sleep, when he heard, above the whistling of the wind and the beating of the rain and the rushing of the river close by, a cry as of a child in distress, "Christopher, Christopher, come and help me!" He started up and ran out of the door, fearing lest some poor little child was lost in the storm; but not a living soul could he find; and at last he thought that he must have been dreaming, and he went and lay down on the leaves again. But this time he could not sleep.

And before long he heard the same voice calling him again. And again he went to look, and he searched far and near, and called the child, but no one answered. Then he said, "Some one is doing it on purpose; if I hear it again I will not mind." And he lay down on the leaves again, but the little child's cry came so often and sounded so sad, that it seemed to go through his heart, and he could not help going out once again. And now he heard the cry quite distinctly, and he was sure that it was on the other side of the river. So he waded into the stream and crossed it as he best could (for the water was very high), and on the other side he found a little child sitting alone and waiting for him. "Poor little child!" said Christopher: "how did you come here? and who are you?" "Take me over the river," said the child, "and then I will tell you who I am." So Christopher placed the child on his shoulder and walked into the river again. But as soon as he was in the deep water, the child began to grow heavy—so

heavy that he felt that all the burdens that ever he had carried were nothing to this! And the staff that he carried in his hand—it was a large fir tree which he had used for several years—bent under the weight; and with all his great strength he felt sometimes as if he and the child would both go down under the water together. But he clung to the child, and at last, he hardly knew how, he struggled up the shore. He sat down quite exhausted, and placed the child on the grass beside him. And when he could speak, he said, "Little one, who are you? for I thought I was carrying a mountain on my shoulder!" And the child answered, "You have carried more than the world, for I am He who made the world." Then Christopher knew that his long prayer was answered, and he knelt down and worshipped the child, who appeared now all shining with light. And the child told him that his service was accepted, but that henceforward he was called to a nobler service, and must go out into the world and preach, and bring many souls into the light. And Christopher said, "How can I preach, for I have no learning? how can I persuade them?" And the child told him to plant in the earth the dry fir tree that he carried in his hand; and when he did so it became green and was covered with fresh leaves. And the child said, "When you speak and they will not believe, plant your staff in the ground and it will grow green before their eyes, because with that staff in your hand you carried the Lord!"

I have done as well as I could from memory, and with no book to look at; only Edwige helped me a little, and ended by going off into tears, as she said, "Poor man, how happy he must have been!—only to think of finding out that he had been carrying the Lord! And it makes us so happy to do any little thing for our friends that we love here: if we could only now do some little thing for Him!" I told her that whatever we did for His children we did for Him. "Yes," she said, "that is in the Gospel, but"—and she looked away into vacancy, as if she were trying to see something, as her habit is, when she is thinking,—"I keep thinking, do you not know when our friends die, no matter how much we have done for them, we are always wishing we had done more. Well, I think when we go to heaven we shall feel like that; we shall be so sorry that we have not done more for the Lord Jesus!" And with this comment of Edwige's on St. Christopher I must end.

Radicals, and by a certain number of the old Left, they brought obstruction to such a point as it never was brought by the Irish in Parliament, because they gained all their demands and prevented the passage of new regulations. Onlookers who do not know Italians, protested, and moaned that the end of representative government was at hand, and called on the Government and on the new King—especially because of his accession and its cause—to proclaim martial law, to gag the Parliament, and return almost to the state of things before the *Statuto* granted in 1848.

Fortunately, at the helm was an old Liberal, who has never denied his faith, and who only in one instance acted in opposition to it. He knew that it was useless to attempt to combat anarchy by anarchy, violence by violence; and made it clear to the young ruler that the time was come

where breakfast is given to the children, no bread for the charitable institution called the "Daily Bread." Here tickets for the economical kitchens were substituted, and people in general made out with stale bread, fancy bread; and the surrounding towns sent in an evening ration. But mark! so thoroughly convinced were the Florentines of the perfect organization of the workmen and of their right to day instead of night work that no outcry was raised. On the contrary, the proprietors were given to understand that they must give way. Some tried to hold out, but Guglielmo Dolfi, son of the famous old tribune, made himself heard in the great meeting of proprietors. Shall we render ourselves responsible for the consequences of leaving Florence another day without bread, or allow the surrounding cities to take away our trade altogether? Let us give the day work a fair trial for a

world there are a set of men, women, and children as happy and contented as are these Tuscan peasants to-day in this year of almost unexampled vine crops, abundant in quantity, and of average excellent quality. The weather in some parts of the Continent and also in some parts of Sicily has been atrocious; intense cold in the spring, then scorching heat and long drought—alternations which, while not materially affecting the corn crop, materially affect the grapes. In Venetia, and now in Turin, fierce hailstorms have destroyed half the grapes and spoiled the remainder, but Tuscany this year has been spared, and the anxiety of the peasants to let the grapes ripen to the precise point when their juice should yield the finest wine, and their fears lest autumn rains should come and spoil it all, have been more than ordinarily keen. For this year the olive crop has failed al-

The volume verges upon corpulence, and when one finds that much the larger part of it is in one or other of three grades of small print, one gets the impression that it is a pretty full treatise. But when one

usually prescribe that simple hypotheses shall be thoroughly tested before resorting to complicated ones. This is the truth in Ockham's razor. But it is very far from being true, in questions concerning any

physics at the Cutset, but he makes no formal defence of it until he reaches page 459. "In fact," he says, "our chief contention is that a complete and accurate separation of the two branches of Psychol-

ereign, he soon came to enjoy himself, while in the islands themselves, although the aristocracy forfeited most of their privileges, the people were immensely benefited. Commodore Perry's pity for the Loo-Chooans as the worst-treated people on earth has now no basis of fact.

MAHER'S PSYCHOLOGY.

Psychology: Empirical and Rational. By Michael Maher, S.J. Fourth edition, rewritten and enlarged. Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo, pp. 602.

Father Maher's purpose is so to present psychology as to illustrate the advantages of the Thomistic Aristotelian metaphysics, as well as the positive contributions to psychology by St. Thomas Aquinas and by Aristotle. This is done with a remarkably complete acquaintance with modern psychology, and a sufficient acquaintance with scholastic writings for this purpose. Here and there we detect a vague conventionality in the accounts of mediæval scholasticism which leads us to surmise that, as it was in its full bloom, it is not very well understood by the author. But that is of small consequence. The great scholastic psychologist was Aquinas; and Aquinas has been thoroughly mastered.

tion that ought to be drawn between the hypothesis which is preferable in a given state of general scientific research, and the hypothesis which is preferable for instant action. It is true that, after induction has done its work, or has substantially done it, no such distinction is to be drawn; for then the hypothesis has ceased to be a mere presumptive hypothesis. But as long as experimentation to test the hypothesis is in its early stages, which is the case in regard to the deeper questions of the science of the soul, the economies of a research which may probably be protracted through several generations, or even centuries, render indispensable a system of procedure which will have little relation to what seems likely at the moment. There is nobody who is experienced in difficult inquiries—say, for example, the detection of the author of a crime—but is well aware that nothing is more fatal than to attach much weight to what merely seems likely towards the beginning of an investigation. Probably, during such an inquiry, several theories will have to be tried and rejected; and in what order they shall be tried is a question of economy. But if one be forced, without completing the study, to act upon one theory or another, quite a different series of considerations ought to be decisive. In particular, good scientific economy will

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posal of *mutuality* as the better term.

This instinct of mutuality, however, has to do with far more than trade alone; it is really the cause of all that is worth while in the world. It had its inception in the very beginning of things, perhaps even controlling the material part of the universe with its attraction of gravitation

strikes became fashionable in Italy, very possibly, in this new century, we should not have heard of any more. As it is, we are now in the thick of the epidemic, which being left to nature, is proving mild on the whole.

For the last forty years, although the right to strike is proclaimed by the law of the land, as a matter of fact the Government, the provincial and communal authorities have always interfened on behalf of the masters, either by arresting the workmen, or, in case of agricultural strikes, by sending soldiers to do the work of the men on strike. Hence perpetual conflicts, and the terrible class hatred, which has always existed, embittered to the death. After the shameful arrests of 1898 and the necessary liberation of all the arrested, the Socialists became what might be called obstreperous. Outside the House, they organized resistance to the arbitrary acts of the Government. Within the House, assisted by the Republicans, the

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